

## Paul Simon

### "Sound of Silence"

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Hello darkness, my old friend, I've come to talk with  
you again, Because a vision softly creeping, Left its  
seeds while I was sleeping, And the vision that was  
planted in my brain Still remains Within the sound of  
silence. In restless dreams I walked alone Narrow  
streets of cobblestone, 'Neath the halo of a street  
lamp, I turned my collar to the cold and damp When my  
eyes were stabbed by the flash of a neon light That  
split the night And touched the sound of silence. And in  
the naked light I saw Ten thousand people, maybe  
more. People talking without speaking, People hearing  
without listening, People writing songs that voices  
never share And no one dare Disturb the sound of  
silence. "Fools" said I, "You do not know Silence like a  
cancer grows. Hear my words that I might teach you,  
Take my arms that I might reach you." But my words  
like silent raindrops fell, And echoed In the wells of  
silence And the people bowed and prayed To the neon  
god they made. And the sign flashed out its warning, In  
the words that it was forming. And the sign said, "The  
words of the prophets are written on the subway walls  
And tenement halls." And whisper'd in the sounds of  
silence.

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